

KARABI DEV BARMAN

JOURNEY
TO
THE

HEART



Born in Agartala on December, 30, 1932, Karabi Dev Barman completed her Post-Graduation in Bengali language and literature in the University of Calcutta. She served as the principal of the Agartala Womens' College during period between 1983 and 1992. She was honored with the *Shesuli Nandi memorial gold medal* at the *Banga Sahitya Sammelan* in Agartala in 1974. She was felicitated as an eminent poet of north-east at a function earlier organized by the Assam Govt's department of Information, Cultural Affairs and Tourism in Guwahati in 1987. Among her publications are the collection of poems - - *Lunthita Samay Sita*, *Merudanda Dao*, *Kabita Amar Samay Asamay*, *Kichhu Swagatokti*, *Kichhu Byektigata Sanglap*, *Srijone Ursabe* etc. She has been contributing her personal essays, articles, reviews in literary magazines, periodicals and daily Newspapers in Tripura and elsewhere in the region.

JOURNEY TO THE HEART

KARABI DEV BARMAN

With Kind regards
Presented to -----

Dev
(Karabi DeBew) 28/9/07 at Mysore
Address Agartala
Tripura



BHASA

Agartala, Tripura

© Anindya Deb Burman

JOURNEY TO THE HEART

a collection of poetry
by Karabi Dev Barman
first print : March, 2003

cover design : Swapan Nandi

Published by Kalyanbrata Chakraborti on behalf of BHASA
from *santi kutir*, Natunpally, krishnanagar, Agartala-799001, Tripura. Printed at
Infoprint, krishnanagar, natunpally, Agartala-1, Tripura.

To my Son
Anindya
Who gives me love and peace

— Maa.

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab

Jammu.

Acc. No. 623 (D2)

Dated 23-9-09

INDEX

Black Morning	7	30 Epitaph
15th August	8	31 Agony of Tripura-hills
Nearest to the God	9	33 Please answer them
My Father	10	36 I shall not cower
Bridging the Seas	11	38 Raising clenched fists they
Krishnachura, the fire within	13	39 Walk past the waves of procession
Let the sin fly away	15	40 To you, Doctor
Spectrum	16	42 Agartala Dec. '71
The child within	17	43 Ang kok sai mana
There was an address	18	45 Miraculous rain
Future's magic box	19	46 Shall pick up the poison cup
Let life survive	20	47 The invisible thread
There is no need to come close	21	48 With a drop of blood
Set your self free	22	49 You are mine
Collage	23	50 Magician
Love lorn	25	51 Love let not burn anyone completely
Shall man turn into wood	26	53 Will raise heads in lined up tunes
Touch and scan the life	27	54 Yet it tells me to fight
Rich inheritance	29	55 Tripura mu soul

PREFACE

My poems, like birds — transformed, themselves
through translation,
as if, rose rejuvenated from their
ashes like phoenix — are ready to fly in the sky
for a horizon of bigger reader's circle — who may
accept them — may not accept them.
But they are going to get a wider exposure among
my relatives who lived abroad and
the poetry loving people who do not know Bengali at all.

But due to some inconvenience on my part and also
for want of time, as I was out of station till october 2002,
I could not do justice in selection of my poems.
Many a good poems are left and some ordinary ones
have been placed in this collection.

However, I am happy and think myself blessed that at least
I could join the commendable venture of *Bhasa*,
a reputed publishing organisation of writers in Tripura.
My thanks and gratitude to *Bhasa*.

Also I must express my high regards and gratitude to the
translators of my poems, written in Bengali, — without their support
it could not have been possible to make the
whole thing into a reality. They are all genius in their field.
I convey my thanks to them.

KARABI DEV BARMAN

PREFACE

My poems, written in English, are a record of my life. They are a record of my thoughts, my feelings, my experiences. They are a record of my life, as I have lived it, as I have felt it, as I have thought it. They are a record of my life, as I have lived it, as I have felt it, as I have thought it. They are a record of my life, as I have lived it, as I have felt it, as I have thought it.

But due to some circumstances, I have not been able to publish them. I have not been able to publish them. I have not been able to publish them. I have not been able to publish them. I have not been able to publish them. I have not been able to publish them. I have not been able to publish them.

However, I am now publishing them. I am now publishing them. I am now publishing them. I am now publishing them. I am now publishing them. I am now publishing them. I am now publishing them.

I hope you will like them. I hope you will like them. I hope you will like them. I hope you will like them. I hope you will like them. I hope you will like them. I hope you will like them.

BLACK MORNING

We live in a world of horror now
Black night descends on a glittering morning—
We fail to recognise each other in this blinding light
Each waiting for the demon to come out
with its dreaded face,
from within.
My claustrophobic existence, caged in rituals and customs
Screams for air.
Duty and withdrawal fight merge in their faded lines—
They torment me.
A cauldron bubbles within,
fear and bitterness gushes out like
sudden foam in the angry soda bottle, waiting to escape.
Existence turns to ashes.
Had I embraced this dawn,
I would have escaped the scathing words—
Words turned into the hyena's sinister laughter,
The poisonous scorn wouldn't have stung me
And spread through me.
I lose my familiar path now, in the scorching sun
Snakes, tigers, alligators surround me—
Laughing in their ravaging delight.
Can fear win someone?
Every morning can turn into a black morning?

I revisit these blind alleys in utter disbelief
And question myself.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey.

15th AUGUST

Oh! Independence!

Are you only an exhibition of flags,
Some flowers; some conventional patriotic song,
mere hoisting of flag with the national anthem in chorus?

Then in an indifferent mood,
With hearts not throbbing fast, eyes expressionless.

A return to respective homes,
Once again the shopping bags, the pots and pans,
The same old rice and curry soup and vegetable dish!

But why doesn't a storm of joy

Sweeps the land from the Himalayas to the Seas,

A Niagra falls on a frozen breast?

Let the quiet and gentle calculating life

Be bathed in an overwhelming Sunshine of joy

When the open field itself becomes the home.

How long like a row of corpses

Should we stand inert after the National song.

Oh, Independence I give birth to a new man

Through joys and unbearable sorrow.

Translated by the Poet.

NEAREST TO THE GOD

It is all over

Thousands of false dreams, hesitations, conflicts
Which so long girdled the shelf all comes to an end
I have crossed a long distance

Crossed over thousands of questions— cobwebs
Now, the time has come for at least,

A moments meditations in deep solitude.
So long, under the covered sky
I have also been noticing with the meaningless
smoke of chimneys

The growth of some aimless stiky life,
Have seen the sweet sympathetic smiles of the friends
The shameless smiles of retreating soldiers.
May be mingled there was respect too.

They also must have seen,
As I have seen it within myself everyday
A cry of meaningless time

Over the silent sound of solitude
A visible agony of shameful wastages
Throtling the hope of all possibilities

Now, this is my divine ressurection
A revival from everybody's suicidal death.
A tiny island, in the mist of time, a boundless ocean,

The flower in a formaline glass jar
Wants the hardest strock of frost
Out of the shell, in all total purity.

I am again of my own
A streched, naked, transparent being
So transparent that am nearest to the God,
From a fiery bed, swallowing all darkness,
Masticating all the bitterness with teeth
Kicking off all hesitations and conflicts

Of thousand false temporary dreams
Have drowned myself in the music of solitude
For a serene search within.

MY FATHER

Always I remember a man

A man in the airport

He was going away.

A man in white *payjama* and *panjabi*

His thick hairs were gray.

Except his gray hair, he was young in body and mind

Straight like a stick

A cigarette within his two yellow fingers

A chain smoker

A jolly good smile in his vivacious lips

He was going away

All relatives assembled nearby

Wife, children, son-in-laws

He never showed any weakness— no sorrow

A man with cancer in lungs.

He went away, as if for a holiday trip

To never come back, Alas!

He was my father— my father,

Whom I lost forever.

Translated by the poet.

BRIDGING THE SEAS

Have we not dreamt our dreams?

We were drenched in the same monsoon shower,

Tainted by the same Sun everyday,

Walked together in the same moonlit night

And yet

Have we not dreamt any dream?

Have we not embraced each other in love

Are we not interwoven

In the same rythm of life?

How can just one storm

wash it all away?

It took both of you and me

To build the heritage,

Innocent smile of children,

Warm affection of mothers,

We cherished the common treasure,

The lively green paddy field,

The symbol of our vigorous life force,

Was never created out of conflicts
between bill-hook and chopper.

But today it is

storm that crushed to ground

Your heart and mine.

Eye-ball mirror reflects

Deep distrust of lengthening shadows,

But the storm came to stay forever
with Davil's call for Doomsday,

Shall we forever witness

Our green fields turned barren

By people of jackles,—
The dead walls dividing
Our souls.

Those who have sown the seeds of distrust
Do they know the flood-tide has ushered in
Life will come back
With all its vigour.

(Written after the 1980 communal riots in Tripura)

Translated by Dr. N. DebBarman, Tripura.

KRISHNACHURA, THE FIRE WITHIN

Madhuri, your good presence is enough

I cannot cope with such

Measured teathy smile

Just keeping a bird alive

By providing food and water

into a painted cage

Let that beauty remain hanging

over my poor head.

Let us sit on the hillock.

Simplicity— tenderness—

All the worthless words

Which does not serves any purpose

in this material world

Let us talk about these.

Let the thirst of life

be quenched down by these.

Someone has bought madrassi shari,

Someone has got quick promotion,

Someone is climbing the manument

under the umbrella of his boss.

(I am utterly tired of all these things)

Mrs. Das is a women of low mentality.

"Children of someone are very naughty,

Mrs. Palit uses very harsh words"

What purpose will be served

with all these pretty things.

...No... I woun't join to my club today

Madhuri, please sit beside me sometime

Tell me what are the new happenings

in your college today
There is a featherly touch of cloud
in the western corner of the sky
All the Krishna chorus of *kankar tilla*
have blossomed in fire
Madhuri, please put some magic
of your childishness
to keep my eyes spell bound.

Translated by the Poet.

LET THE SIN FLY AWAY

Don't fear—
these are paper tigers; they can't bite;
If they do, they don't leave scars of lifetime—
only screams are heard through words and letters.
You can laugh them away.
Upheavals and chaos,
Trapped in papers and words...
Yet this tiger
Unchains the cage within my heart
With its gruesome ferocity,
Begins a colossal dialogue,
If you keep it in your pocket,
You might feel the heart of affliction
Drop it in a waste-basket—
Let the sin fly away!

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey.

SPECTRUM

The illusive grove of thousand years
 Evolving out of former birth
Removing the veil of mist
 The simple masonry work of seven pillars
Straight and firm — constructing one magnificent structure
The new Eastern Sun laying
 The spectrum of new era
Reflecting in my eyes very boldly very gently
Wind has snatched away the loving
 Scent of forgotten dream
From the earthen pot eternal time
With a view to circulate it
From heart to heart
Artists have painted a picture
 Extending upto the horizon
Dipping the brush in seven deep colours
Is there any poetical metre in the colours
 Which swings
Swings the song of wild flowers
 Hidden in the cave
Swings the song of hope and desire of the hearts
Once these were all impracticable fancies
 Of fossilized stone
Still the seed germinates
 In daring venture of imperishable remembrance
It comes loud piercing the hill
 With sense of bold shivering.

Translated by the poet.

THE CHILD WITHIN

Yesterday we saw a movie

the villain there turned into a saint.

Love made that brilliant change,

A pair of small hands blunted

open knife, his cunning,

The little boy without

any arms or ammunition

could make that change.

In every heart

There is a little child,

who is pure, simple and loving.

Incomparable with any other worthy things,

We must bring him out

to stand against all the evils,

He alone with his graceful love

Can bring about the lasting change

that galvanised our spirits.

Translated by the Poet.

THERE WAS AN ADDRESS...

Believe me
I didn't come to you
With everything packed or arranged
In this scorching afternoon heat.
I had an address,
Long time back— neatly folded amidst some papers
Did'nt know I would need it—
It reappeared as I groped for it
Caught within my two fingers.
Now in this revelatory field
Sunlight spread everywhere
Trapped in a dilemma,
Whether to call or not—
Doors opened to the inner chambers.
Believe me
I did'nt come to you
With everything packed and arranged
In this blazing afternoon heat.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey,

FUTURE'S MAGIC BOX

What poetry do I write?

I think of inscribing my thoughts with the pen

Future's hope— or some language of love,

Or may be some blissful Eden of my dreams

But my pen bleeds,

Only blood.

A bitter, quinine teste lingers in my mouth—

Poisoned.

What do you want to hear?

Will you listen— if I tell you,

I am a guinea pig, of the political party laboratory

Or a research object under intellectual eyes.

I exist now without land, home or roots.

My innocence raised redicule and laughter,

Love's flame flickered and died at the gates of deception.

The earth circumference gets reduced

Without clothing and food,

I was pushed into the abyss of the cave.

But I know I would'nt be allowed to live here either.

The thirst within my explosive, questioning eyes

Would be answered by the cranium—

Placed in future's magic box.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New jersey.

LET LIFE SURVIVE

Move away with a slight smile
Let him say— whatever he wants to.
Let the words crawl over the white page
With thoughts in the mind — all toxic,
Gushing out in innocent rush.
Let the heart unfold,
The veiled romance.
Yet, let there be a path
Amidst a molten inferno.
Let life survive
Never divulge distress or hatred.
Only, listen.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey.

THERE IS NO NEED TO COME CLOSE

Can a slight kiss
Or putting my hands together on your heart
Strike a momentary lightening?
Will the sea rush with it's fiery deluge inside the room—
Pestilence or may be secret bloodshed may occur
Stars might continuously drop
from the heart of the firmament
And if that happens then

There is no need to come close.

The tree of heart hides amidst a deep, dark forest
It is deep, solemn, and beautiful like you
I will paint my kiss on it
Will enfold it in my embrace

And imagine the corporal fragrance

Let this earth, time and mind

Be filled with a spiritual stasis

Each to its own.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey.

SET YOURSELF FREE

What type of Independence is this?

And for whom

Through flesh and blood

In and out

Its only slavery.

A small rivulet

Weary of meandering journey

Gets tumbled

At the feet of corruption

want if you

To get it back to

Transparent course of life

Allow the blood to ooze out

For the blood is infected with poison

Break open the shackle of

Mortgaging head to intellect

Hands to the feet

The rivulet

Stands motionless

at the binding curve of time

Dredge it out

And set yourself free.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey.

COLLAGE

Clip a portion of the editorial of an established daily,
Take out a chunk from the fiery speech
of a member of parliament,
Why did Kalyan Singh's hand lie inert clear the reasons.
When monkeys and baboons were dancing atop the mosque.
How far is Delhi from Lucknow?
How many hours it needs to reach news to and fro
Examine the situations— clip some of it.
Kalahandi, Koraput in drought and barren,
Rows of starving dying people—
Go through the recorded statement of the officer-in-charge,
Clip some of them,
Drinking water is poisonous in several centres of the Metropolies
Who are responsible and why?—
Note the confessions
What gains it brings through devaluation,
Clip off some of it.
Population explosions, spurious liquors causing deaths,
The village that suppose to get cyclone warning
well ahead of time,
Did not get it at all— why,
Clip the necessary explanations,
The woman lying on the hospital bed
Why her existence has been crushed
And under what circumstances — take note of it,
Rip open the womb of maiden,
And probe the yellow fat around it,
What were her ambitions and ideals,
Scissors out some of those and paste,
Clip the language of the eyes of the young man

Why these reflections waste standing in the job form ques—

Why drug addiction, forgery and smuggling are there

Some of the reasons—

The woman with loud make-up found standing in the red light area,

Why and how she stands like this?

Find out the reasons— Clip some of them,

The girl dies after birth, dies as if she goes out of home, after marriage

India spreading over three hundred two lakh eightyseven thousand two hundred sixtythree square kilometers

The vast India of twentyseven states

Is it rational society?

Clip some of them—

Take some from the extracts of Mondol Commission

The religion-based parties— are they reasonable?

Clip all of them and place them in proper perspective

Now see for yourself

Do you get a vision of

Artistic India—

A superb collage.

Translated by Dr. B.P. Mukherjee and Bikach Choudhuri, Tripura.

LOVE LORN

You are a dead soldier
Reads the telegram,
Just a helpless corpse
At the cold lap of death
Yet the other day you left
Warm foot prints,
Still alive in the muddy courtyard.
Last night a tempest swept away
My jasmine creams
As the bullet
Tore asunder your body
Closeted to your chest
Never again
Shall I have my dreams in my eyes.
The way you dared
Uphill and mountains.
With bold hand sowed
Seeds for a green cornfield
Never again
Shall you ever
Weave me in your caring hands.

Translated by Bikach Choudhuri, Tripura.

SHALL MAN TURN INTO WOOD

In the final departing love
Will man swallow the green horizon.
And turn into wood
Will he throughout the century
Belch out the poisoning fluid
Will the insipid bubbles
from roused speeches
Camouflage the sky,
time and again?
Who plucks the lotus leaf?
— many— all most all
Yet it is man again
with solid manure
indulge in flower-culture,
How easily forgetful he is.
Devoid of green tree wood
proceeds to fiery funeral
Still now piercing the heart
the splinter remains
With pure though pierced with
Why man should turn into wood
It's his burden today
to prevent the catastrophe.

Translated by Bikach Choudhuri, Tripura.

TOUCH AND SCAN THE LIFE

Why at all a hermit's satchel,
Raise your fingers
Touch life and scan it.
Why watch from a victorion balcony
through magnifying glass.
Come down in the Sun,
face the crude struggle
Abundant oxygan if there be
Sow some seeds in the forest,
Some in the garden,
Some in two rows,
By the side of your heart
Mountain will turn into ocean.
Unfolding process levelling the gaping wounds
The pale sky descends down.
To merge with the green fields,
Awakened from slumber
Recollect the profiles of old friends—
Why this assasin's knife in hand?
Go down the memory lane
Touch the yesteryears
Crystal clear as tear drops
And the comming hours,
Close to chest take a colourful quilt
With abiching softens like starlite night.
Warm in yearns of great conviction.
Ask yourself and others
Where to go with such haste and speed
Know the goal
Become a more convinced traveller

why at all a hermit's satchel?

Raise your fingers

Touch life, scan it.

Translated by the Poet.

RICH INHERITANCE

Not so much wealth did he leave us with
Nor a costly attire, nor a valuable presentation
Never he cared about our garments,
Sometimes it was an unhappy moments
in our childhood days,
But he gave us a hope to build our future on
a courage to face both the good and evil.
He taught us to be steady, to be kind
And a worldly person.
He used to embrace us and kiss on forehead,
When we were shattered, torn, dejected and vanquished
His bold hands were there right to help us
In a perfect manner, when we most needed that,
He was a big banyan tree on our head
Always careful to provide the safe shelter.
He nourished a sea of compassion
a coloured garden of love.
a wisdom within him — for us — his children
When we are sick, torn up, desolate,
It comes down with his blissful grace,
We get inspirations from all his rare humane gifts,
Water drops down from the eyes,
We feel how blessed we are,
On this mundane Earth.

Translated by the Poet.

EPITAPH

The very utterances of yours
That you used to like her more than me—
Was like a thorn that
pierced me through my heart very deeply,
Yes— I bleed profusely
And will be bleeding forever.
till the last drop
But that is within me.
After that there will be no more agony,
no question, complete serenity,
No accounts, no balance sheet of joint life
A genuine humour will survive
That's all
No more melancholy
Will occupy the mind,
No more discomfort of uneasiness
The only thing will survive
in the history, a legend, that a blind
enchanted person, she, who was born,
and brought up by her husband very artistically
for no other reason
But to be killed by a bruise.

Translated by the Poet.

Now surge with anguish and agonies
The hills and dales of Tripura.

Khumpui, Gustari are blackened
By the dying ambers of jhum
The tender notes of the love-lorn flutes
No longer lingers in the yonder hills.

Desolate pastures have muted the flutes,
To a deadly silence of agonising pain.
Desperate pangs of hunger yearn
For the last sprout of bamboo shoots
In the vanishing grooves.

Hordes of blank faced youths
Run after the mirage of false promises
Of the mighty and power that be,
Driving them to morsels of petty jobs
Out in the hypocrite cities.

Young maiden no longer find the yarn
To weave the 'Ria' in rainbow colours,
Colours resembling the ethereal wings of flies
Shinning in the bright dazzling Sun.

Now their aching hands busy
Grinding and toiling from morn to night.
Gone are the gaity and cheer, spirited jest
Around the golden spirit of life, in a playful pitcher
Gone for ever from the, guileless hills.

Hunger stalks in full glare, life, now shorn of dreams.
Deprivation, helplessness and want
Have torn apart in naked aggression.

A life full of laughter, joy and mirth
Blinding city lights, have pulled the soft curtain off,

The dainty dances of Garia and jhum harvest
From their serene nests in the hills
To the inande glare of unfeeling stages,
Sucumbing, sprightly steps
To an abject surrender of survival.

Translated by Kamal Kumari Deb Barman, New Delhi.

PLEASE ANSWER THEM

The bright young man reacted vehemently
for the statement was baseless
It was not decent to write that way
He replied time and again
"It was not nice, it was not nice,"
Now, the lady said to me—
After a careful thought just to avoid a discord
In that seminar,
She could or rather did not
Try to fight with that boy who lives in a fools paradise
Because it was quite futile
To fight with a shadow or myth
That minority are being taken care of
So that they are not cornered
But now the lady asked me,
"Sir, was it nice to keep the minority in seclusion
Denying basic amenities of life—
Even after long fortyseven lyears of Independence?
Was it nice to set up an oil refinery in a place
Far away from the souce of that oil
Depriving livelyhood of thousands,
Was it nice to keep us floating on gas
And still not give us industries worth the name
Was it nice to the local young people
More than helpless victims
In their own soil?
May be they were unskilled, illiterate and tactless
Miserably simple creature on this earth
But proud they of course are
of their colourful art rythmic music

Simple as the people live under the open sky
the life goes on gay and happy.
Was it nice to make them landless,
beggars and museum pieces
Are they not more exhibit on great occasions Independence
or Republic Day,
I have been married over forty years
I could not find any connecting road to reach
my in law's house that day
I had to walk miles and miles over paddy fields
Cross the river and a tiny streamlet to reach there
And see after fortyseven years
Only half the road was constructed
And that too not an all weather one;
No bridge to link as yet
The paddy fields that streamlet
Keeping balance over a shaky bamboo pathway
To reach to that tribal village
Still now I do not come across any functioning
dispensary,a school
A family planning centre or *Balwadi*
In the sultry unbearable summer days
When air coolers and conditioners
breathing soothing relief in towns and metropolis
Our Indigenous people die like flies.
Contaminated drinking water
Lack of medical aid
Lead them to unhonoured death
Thousands of them live under the open sky
May be due to extremists
Or may be for the optimist
I don't know whom to blame
It does not matter to me at all

What matters to me is there any igrominous death,
Killers, it may be Ram or Ravan
Tell me, is it nice thing for a community
Which you people call minority?
What is the utility of observing this
U N Decade for this Indegenous people
Still you want me to compose my prayer
with beautiful words
Like flowers— a fairy tale on earth?
Sorry, I am undone
I have no answer to
These painful questions
The Norwester chopping
the serene peaceful sea.

Translated by Bikach Choudhury, Tripura.

I SHALL NOT COWER

Cry my poor heart!
I cannot walk like a free man,
My bold gaze looking at
The invincible might!

Lord, give me the strength
to bear adversity.
As I cherish my happiness.
Let me face,
Adversity, humiliation and shame
when it falls my way.
My destiny, I shall shape.
Get me a hammer and chisel,
Out of stubborn granite,
Wiping the sweat on my brows,
Would they whine,
Shaking off their centuries slumber.
I shall unbend
A new breed of promethues.
My defeat scream,
Will usher in their steps.

'Who unchained us?'

I shall unleash
Vibrant vivacious lives
Awakened by my reckless roar
"Are you the Rama, to free us"
They would groan in choruses,
"Ending Ahalya's penance?"
shaking off their age old slumber.
Lord, let me

Bring forth to this world,
A few emancipated souls;
who can keep their backbones straight,
Undaunted by the travails of
Traumatic treacherous times,
In honour and in shame
Pray, give me
A strong straight backbone.

Translated by Kamal Kumari, Tripura.

RAISING CLENCHED FISTS THEY

Clenched fists raised in false anger

Busy were they making a revolution

On initial examinations, calling them nearer,

In their ribs even a handful of germs of love

No where did I find.

Lighting the torches and sweating heavily they

Were busy to rush to the protest rallies.

Drawing closer, to their hearts, I find

Miserliness sticking like the bugs.

Kicked away they men and dogs like dead objects.

But for calling in a rikshaw for the hospital

The little girl did find none of them,

Raising clenched fist busy they were making a revolution

On initial examinations, calling them nearer,

In their ribs even a handful of germs of love

No where did I find.

Translated by Mihir Deb, Tripura.

WALK PAST THE WAVES OF PROCESSION

Haven't seen the face of freedom in any procession.
Those who come today in trucks at the rate of
rupees five per head
Committed bondage was spread all over them like soots.
Freedom at midnight came long ago.
After the war some dreams still survived in the eyes of men.
That part is now all over in fifty years.
Now there are only some half dead old slogans
Now it's all walk, walk past the waves of procession.
Only the procession walks, walks none who care for man.

See where man has reached
Disintegration, disbelief
Dead hopes and tired hearts.
Poors are more poor, riches more rich.
No one remembers any word for more than five years.
Thus I see the face of five years only.
As much the procession walks, as much walk the waves of it
More than five year survives none
of progress and friendship.

Translated by Mihir Deb, Tripura.

TO YOU, DOCTOR

Knife scissors stethoscope and pungent smell of medicines
Morning evening night like mortgaged in money lenders
house

It is yours yet it is not.

Being a doctor you meditated like Bhagiratha

To bring the Ganges down on earth

And brought alive the sixty thousand Sagar descendent
who were either dead or asleep

Trough the ashes will spring up new life
with boundless joy of creativity

You will be relocated by the side
Of a distant icy pole

Scorching heat or may be among

Suffering people yelling in pain

Your presence would be announced

In the sleepless anxious night

With delicate comforting touch, rock like patience

And silent invincible faith.

There are pangs and hopelessness in life.

Blood oozing out from wounds of pain

Sometimes creat patches incurable deep at heart

But you still will be immeasurably great

Indomitable pure and masculine

Yours is a gamble with ailing hollow life

Don't get allured by the smooth life of car and cosy comfort

Don't come this side expecting a rosey walk

North South East and West take any direction

With casketful of pain

Like crucified Jesus

If you are tune of your love

affection and religion

Then this is the road for you .

Translated by N. DebBarma, Tripura.

AGARTALA DEC.'71

Rows of canon ejecting
Roaring hot streams of lava from their bossoms,
Deafening the ears;
Silence outside, eery unbelievable.
Only a few street dogs.
Or flying free birds.
The town is dead, apparently
The life comes to standstill
But it blossoms quietly like rows of lotuses
In the glory of joy
with resounding hope
manifested in resolute manliness
Every loud utterance like shouts of victory
The docile volcano of patience for many years
Has become active and alive
covering the entire land of sinful injustices
It runs towards coward and cruel tyrants
to over power them
With a determination to creat new habitats
Bubbling with new life
It's time for rising a new Sun
Hymes of the sanctified moment
Are uttered aloud
Audience with rare fortune listening
in eagerness overflowing
The audience have come out in the open field—
To greet the new Independent Sun
In the heart of the blue sky.

Translated by the Poet.

AUNG KOK SAI MANO

For years the man was dumb
None could follow his groaning murmurs
Uttered with bisected tongue
His nose swelled in anger
Veins of forehead throbbing in fury
Salty tears use to roll down, sometimes.
He could not speak what he wanted to
He managed his farm
He did his marketing
Raised his offsprings
They too were born dumb
Unable to convince others
A humiliated and insulted man
He went inside his dark home hiding his face
Then further deep into further darkness
Thus was created a dumb colony
Over the passage of time
They only lacked the voice
All other organs, heads, limbs, nose and neck
in perfect order
Enabling them for hard toils
Yet when the bright Sun shown
Piercing the misty cloud
Everybody exclaimed — "What a bright day it is"
He too wanted to vent similar feelings
But none could read his lips
Everyone enjoyed the Sunshine;
When the sky got filled with black clouds
The wind blowing aimlessly like a wild buffalow
A boundless joy opened his heart

He too longed for sharing his thoughts
But alas none could follow his struggled expression
Cloudy tears would roll down his cheeks
The people used to stare at him again and again
The drudgery of life continued unabated and he lived on
But one day did the Sun rise over his broken forehead
With the magic wand the magician
touch the tip of his bisected tongue
And said "Lo, I've stitched your tongue
Now talk to your heart's content, all of you"
His joy knew no bound
His speech flowing like stream
through his incised throat
He shouted as much as he could and said,
"Ama, Ama, I can speak"
Ma, Ma, I am able to speak
Instantly changed the colour of his surroundings
He and his children murmured like
The meandering river along the paddy field
Words emanating from their chorus
Travelled from horizon
In endless reverberation.

Translated by Dr. N. DebBarman, Tripura.

MIRACULOUS RAIN

A day—if I had you for a day
in some seclusion
The torment— that sucked oceans, locked up
in mythical hearts,
I would poured his burden
On your two hands, feet, over your entire body.
Like Jesus Christ
Thorns of othe'r agony would prick your body
Miraculous rains of love would shower all night
in the heart's jungle.

A day—if I had you for a day
in some seclusion.
Disbelief would gulp down the poisoned pain
Dying, weak existence
Offering its part—
You would liberate me from the venom
It would rain all night, incredulous rains of compassion
In the heart of jungle.
A day—if I had you for a day
in some seclusion.

Translated by Amrita Ghosh, New Jersey.

SHALL PICK UP THE POISON CUP

Look, you have drowned yourself in a knee deep water
For you— I will go into deeper
If you like
To decorate your life
With any oysters
I will take all pains
And remove all hurdles
With my heart and brain
Ignoring all losses, all defeats
To decorate your life with flowers
To wipe out an inch of loss
I shall pick up a poison phial
Listen, I shall go down into
Deeper water for your sake.

Translated by the poet.

THE INVISIBLE THREAD

I want nothing
Nither love nor hatred
Nor any infinite hope
You can curse me for untold disaster
If you wish
And hatred which I will accept
I can accept anything
Cent percent if not more
Or half of it or one fourth
Whatever you want.
Or don't take anything if you so like
Let there be something
Like an invisible thread
That laced around both hands
Let it be hatred if it is so
Or curse,— if it is a curse.

Translated by Dr. N. DebBarman, Tripura..

WITH A DROP OF BLOOD

I went to everybody
With a begging bowl
The watery compassion— of the relations
Shattered me with sorrows and insultation

I lost my identity
Without having any dues
Who is that relation of my soul
That has given me strength
With a drop of blood
And brighten my begging bowl.

Translated by the Poet.

YOU ARE MINE

One gets God
If one wants Him
You are nothing
But flesh sweat and tears only.
You are no more than this
What makes you so proud
If I tell aloud
You are mine only
Can you deny
If you can
Nod your head with denial
Or make a commitment
In your heart silently
But by shouting
I have discovered you in many debt.
You are mine only.

Translated by the Poet.

MAGICIAN

You are a magician
Your fingers — the elixir of life
You can give vision to a blind
And life to a lifeless.

As you are a magician
Hunger is in your eyes
The youth that weeps
in blue Pyramid
Since thousand years
You can give it a body alive.

You are a magician
you have a wonderful magical additive
That rejoin the captive heart with your touch.
And give her also love.

You are that magician
Your magical wish can blossom
flower all over with a magic wand
You can do anything
With your magical power.

Translated by the Poet.

LOVE LET NOT BURN ANYONE COMPLETELY

So easily, he will be burnt anyday
It was never his determination
Nor it was his desperate wish.
Still, see, how easily that young man
Moving with so many explosives
Half burnt, strayed, roaming and roaming now.

It is nothing new
This young man was ever on hundreds whirling motions
This death incarnate
The source of all destructions
Who had not seen him.
This particular young man
We had seen him to come changing his dresses
Again and again.
Just a living botheration.
That same particular timid
Now becoming more and more dangerous
He came on his pusillanimity steps
Totally a ludicrous clown
Everybody laughed at that time
Nobody knew whether that was right or wrong
He in such contradictory words
Uttered in so wrong pronounciation
Wanted only straw, rice, cows, buffalows,
Paddy fields, water, land
He called C.O as Shiva and B.D.O. as *Bidhu*
And made himself laughable to the people.
He came in groups
And in single

Returned cursing the middle man.
That youth conspired and changed parts
Those who taunted their voices
Or snatched away lands
Or ditched them
Or did not grant them loans
Okay, he wants now replies from them
He swears with garland of bullets
In the names of dead strayed relatives
Who expired consuming uneatables.
See, now he has changed uniforms and become secessionist
Generation after generation this young man
Always mangled, never an intact one.
Burned with ones of thousands and one
He now wants to burn all and sundry
Think for the last time
Do you want to go to such distressed young man?
If you think it is good to go to him
Then there is still time to.
You may or may not burn,
Do you think nothing will burn
Go to this half-burnt young man
Show this strayed youth a right path
Nobody showed him a correct one
There is still time
Go and show him the correct way
Because love never let anyone burnt completely.

Translated by the poet.

WILL RAISE HEADS IN LINED UP TUNES

No more will the long crawls continue;
The protest will stand up.
The voice of protest from one land to another
Leaving the shells of nomadic towns
and pitch meeting nights
will distribute the Sun from one masked door to another.

In each of the echos.
Will no more lie scattered over thousand miles
The rotting corpses of the homeland.
In hunger and with angers in their chests
The herd of sheep will not be floating any longer
Due to the veiled craftsmanship of politics.
Throwing away the weeknesses like affected weeds
The poets also, with their animal bodies
Piercing through the air of conspiracy and restlessness,
Will raise their heads towards the sky like revolting trees
In lined up tunes.
Find out where they are sharpening the
arrows of word by meditation.

Translated by Mihir Deb, Tripura.

YET IT TELLS ME TO FIGHT

In the dawn I wake up,
I peruse the paper and find
The news of twin murder, somewhere
The splinters have caused wound some,
Terror, loot, price-hike, appointment
And layoff, or the unemployed youth gheroued the boss.

People throng in the hospital, in the employment exchange,
yet, in spite of all pains and sufferings
The blue drifts in your eyes, why I find
The sweetness of the shadow of white lotus there,
Your silent and soft smile envelops all hues,
The light of the stars spread, there in mystick wonder
I cannot understand how it happens.

I am burnt out, a citizen, sharply around
With thousand questions, as if,
Bewildered terrorised and fatigued
Yet I stroll around the tough footpath,
I am the monarch when I dream for you
Why, I like a divine fish in an aquarium
You swime in golden water,
My sweet heart, I cannot understand how the biting cold
Of winter brings the breeze of the spring,
How you can, at the close of unbearable darkness
The Luminary light blinks in your eyes — the promise
Your eyes give me the fillips to fight
The elixir to live on.

Translated by Rameswar Bhattacharya, Tripura.

TRIPURA, MY SOUL

Times, moves ahead through the uphill wind
Through the valley, touching the breast of hillock,
Hundreds and one fountains of Dumbur denieing
In the form of milk moves ahead
Through the passage of time
In the brink of Gomati.

I sit and wait with tormented souls
Of the hills, the field without any harvest
And the cold memory craddles in the web of dream.
The spring time whirlpools somewhere around
The smoke of Jhum kissing the horizon now
Comes down to the dusk
Who calls me there
Was there somebody, calling me?

The dusk curtain down
The wind is pregnant with rumours
Smell coming out of the wild creepers, yet, somebody
Make me to feel the sweet breez amidst
The soured smell in the unnotified trance of the conciousness.

For whom I am waiting
In the distant hill, who calls for the craved soul
In chilling sound of primitive time,
Who fears or wonders like waves
The twinkling river melts down
My two shoulders touch the feet, the helmet
And hut in the hill closed down
The darkness in the soul wets, the rivulet winding way

The ups and down through oblique stream,
The fire in bamboo stick moves here and there
The waves of light through the darkness
Who was calling me then, was there anybody?
I have been waiting in the time as I wished. So
I have told my minds to be friendly,
To paint Lotus symbol on the thumb,
I have told my feet to walk down
To the moving Sea, hearing the song,
Move ahead, everyone has gone forward
I am left in slumber, alone
In the dream of your loving hair
In the craps of earth
Only the cotton spread out of the seed,
everywhere, on the sky

Am I deep-delved in slumber
Has everyone left me alone
Was there nobody to call
And wake me up.

Translated by Rameswar Bhattacharya, Tripura.

BHASA